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## OPERATIC ACADEMY.

**MR. HOWARD GLOVER**, Composer of the Operas "Ruy Blas," "Once too Often," "Aminata," the Cantatas "Tam o' Shanter," "Comala," &c., respectfully announces that he has OPENED AN ACADEMY for the STUDY and PRACTICE of OPERATIC MUSIC. Students, besides private instruction, will have the advantage of practising together, rehearsing occasionally upon the stage of one of our Metropolitan theatres, and when sufficiently advanced of taking part in public performances. They will thus acquire a complete knowledge of all the standard operas with the dialogue, recitatives, concerted pieces, and stage business (so embarrassing to novices), which, as we have no regular provincial opera houses, it would be impossible for them to gain by any other means. The success which attended the Musical and Dramatic Academy, which Mr. Howard Glover instituted in conjunction with his mother, the late celebrated actress, some years ago, affords him reasonable ground for the belief that, with increased experience, he may again be honored with the confidence of the musical world. The study of Oratorios will also form a part of the course of instruction, and the advantages of the school will be open to efficient amateurs as to professional students. Terms 10 guineas per quarter (exclusive of the hire of music), paid in advance. A fee of half-a-guinea charged for trying the voice, and giving professional opinion. There will also be classes for the study of the Italian, French and German languages, a knowledge of which is so important to the musical artist. All applications to be made, in the first instance by letter, addressed to Mr. Howard Glover, at Messrs. Duncan Davison's Music Warehouse, 244 Regent-street.

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**MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN** (Soprano) begs to announce her return to London for the Winter Season. Communications respecting engagements for Concert and Oratorio in town and country to be addressed (as usual) to her residence, 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Mdlle. L. van Noorden will sing 17th and 24th October in Glasgow, and is free to accept engagements en route.

**MDLLE. PAREPA** will conclude her engagements in Berlin and Leipzig the last week in October, and will be in London on the 1st of November. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 50 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.

**MDLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town for the winter season. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 71 Connaught Terrace.

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF** will sing RANDEGGER's Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Accompanied by M. BATTI on the Violoncello), at Last Grand Concert of the Season, at the Kursaal, Baden-Baden.

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF** begs to announce that her Continental engagements will conclude on the 12th instant, when she will return to Town immediately. All communications for engagements to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, 244 Regent Street, W.

**MADAME MARCHESI-GRAUMANN**, late Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire of Vienna, begs to announce that she has returned to her residence, 33 rue de Londres, Paris, and commenced her winter course of instruction in singing. For particulars, apply to Madame Marchesi in Paris, or to Signor Marchesi, 13 Bestinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

**MR. AND MRS. G. A. MACFARREN** inform their Friends and Pupils that they have removed to No. 7 Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.

**MR. HANDEL GEAR**, Professor and Teacher of Italian, German and English Singing, begs to acquaint his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to town. 32 Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

**MR. WILLIAM BOLLEN HARRISON** (Professor of the Pianoforte) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town to resume his professional engagements. 34 Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W.

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## MENDELSSOHN'S WORKS\*

We have already mentioned that the second volume of *Mendelssohn's Correspondence* contains, in the form of an appendix, a catalogue of all his works. This catalogue, a work deserving our best thanks, has been compiled by Herr Julius Rietz, and no one is better qualified for the task. It is not only a supplement to, and explanation of, the *Thematic Catalogue*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, of Mendelssohn's productions, but an authentic account of the development of the master's mind. According to the established practice of the musical publishing trade—a practice which does not advantageously distinguish the latter from the general publishing trade, and which consists in not putting upon the first edition of a work the date of its appearance in print—the "Op." numbers, as we all know, do not afford any reliable information as to the order of the various productions, so far as the time when they were composed is concerned. Hence arises the great trouble encountered by the musical historian and by the biographer of the composer, in going through and sifting their materials, and, frequently, the impossibility of arriving at any quite certain result. This comparison, which is strikingly exemplified in Beethoven's works, for instance, exists also in Mendelssohn's compositions, since in them, as in those of Beethoven, the "Op." number is no authority for the order of their publication or of their creation.† All the thematic catalogues of the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn, &c., follow the "Op." number, and but seldom give incidental remarks on the period of composition.

Herr J. Rietz has now arranged, in the chronological order of their composition, and by the author's original manuscripts, the catalogue of Mendelssohn's published works. Mendelssohn was accustomed to note down his manuscripts the place where, and the date when, he conceived the idea of each work, and also when he finished it; but even at this early period, despite all the trouble that has been taken, the manuscripts of twelve works and of various detached songs are not to be found. These twelve works have consequently not been included by Herr Rietz in his catalogue, because he wished the latter to be, in the strictest sense, chronologically correct and perfectly authentic; he has, however, mentioned them in his preface, and given generally, but probably correctly, the date of their composition. The most important among them are:—The Sonata, Op. 6, for pianoforte (the only one published); the Books of Songs, Op. 8 and 9; and the Symphony, No. 1, Op. 10—the last belonging, probably, to 1824 (when Mendelssohn was in his fifteenth year), and all dating from the period between 1824—1838. Furthermore, we have the Fantasia, Op. 15, for pianoforte, and the Six Songs, Op. 19—both undoubtedly composed between 1830 and 1834; and, lastly, the Violin Quartet, No. 1, Op. 44, the Trio, No. 2, for pianoforte, &c., Op. 66, and the Variations for piano, Op. 83, all of which belong to the last period, after 1840.

As works without an "Op." number, and not included in the *Thematic Catalogue*, Herr Rietz mentions, also (without giving the date of their composition): Two Pieces for the piano, Andante, B flat major, and Presto, G minor, published by Senff, Leipzig; Two Songs for four male voices: "Schlummernd an des Vaters Brust," and "Auf, Freunde, laßt das Jahr uns singen," published by Kahnt, Leipzig (*Repertory for Male Voices*), and a "Te Deum" for four-part chorus and organ, with English words (printed in London). Of the organ parts which Mendelssohn wrote for Handel's *Solomon and Israel in Egypt*, that for the latter is printed in the edition of the Handel Society, for whom Mendelssohn more especially edited this oratorio. That for the former exists as manuscript in Cologne.

We find, also, included in the catalogue, and in chronological order, the works published from Mendelssohn's papers after his death. It would be, perhaps, desirable to mark them with an asterisk in a second edition. The name of the place, when given, always denotes where the work to which it was affixed was composed or completed.

The series begins in 1822 (when Mendelssohn was in his thirteenth year), with the Quartet for pianoforte, violin, viol and violoncello, in C minor, Op. 1, written in Berlin, and finishes in 1847 with "Altddeutsches Frühlingslied," for one voice, with pianoforte (in Op. 86), Mendelssohn's last composition, written in Leipzig on the 7th October, 1847. On the 4th November, he died.

The following remarks may be made upon the catalogue:—

Under 1824, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho* (played once at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, on the 29th April, 1827), is marked as Op. 10, while at p. 501, the Symphony No. 1. is also marked Op. 10. An Overture for Reed-band, in C major (Op. 24), written at Doberan for the orchestra there, and subsequently arranged for a full military band, is a piece we never

heard, but is probably worthy of being recommended to military bands in place of their insupportable operatic *pots-pourris*.

1828, the Quartet for two violins, viol and violoncello, in E flat major, Op. 12, is the second written by Mendelssohn, but it is given as the first; the Quartet in A minor, Op. 13, was composed a year previously (1827). The beautiful *Ottet* (Op. 20) dates from as far back as 1825, the Fugue for violin quartet in E flat major, printed as Op. 81, was written as early as 1827. Of the three quartets, Op. 44, the date of the first cannot be ascertained with certainty (See above), but the date given "After 1840," cannot well be correct for this No. 1, because No. 2, in E minor, and No. 3 in E flat major, belong to 1837 and 1838 respectively.

The Overtures, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1826)\*, "*Mercutio und glückliche*" Fahrt (1826),—"Die Hebriden" (1830), in Rome,—*Melusine* (1833),—*Ruy Blas* (1837),—*Athalie* and "Priest's March" (1844), in London.

The first Symphony (as we have said above) dates, probably, from as far back as 1824; the Symphony in A major (which appeared as Op. 90) from 1833, and was often named by Mendelssohn himself his "Italian" Symphony; the Symphony-Cantata, Op. 52, from 1840, and that in A minor (designated as the "Scotch" one in his *Reisebriefe*), Op. 56, from 1842.

His sacred works were composed in the following order:—

1830.—The 115th Psalm (Op. 31), in Rome, Three Compositions ("Kirchenmusiken") for chorus and vocal solos, with organ" (Op. 23), and "Three Motets" for female voices, with organ (Op. 39), both in Rome, the last being written for the Nuns of the Trinità de' Monti.—1831. "Verleih uns Frieden (without "Op." number) also in Rome, 1833. Vocal Chorus, "Lord have mercy," in A minor (without any "Op." number), in Berlin, printed in Bösenberg's *Album* at Leipzig.

1834 and 1835.—Oratorio of *St. Paul* (performed for the first time on the 22nd May, 1836, in Düsseldorf).—1837, The 42nd Psalm (Op. 42),—1838, The 95th Psalm (Op. 46).—1839, The 114th Psalm, "Da Israel aus Aegypten zog," in four parts (Op. 51).—1840, "Lobgesang" (Op. 52, performed for the first time in the St. Thomaskirche, Leipzig, on the 25th June, 1840, at the fourth centenary anniversary of the invention of printing).—"Festgesang" for male chorus and brass. "Bereget mit heil'gem Lobgesang" (performed on the same occasion and printed without "Op." number).

1843.—Choruses for female voices and piano for *Athalie*, subsequently, in 1845, arranged for a full chorus and band, and printed as Op. 74 (with the overture written in 1844), performed for the first time on the 1st December, 1845, at the Theatre Royal in Charlottenburg. In the same year (1843), the 191st Psalm (Op. 91), for the festival of New Year's Day, 1844, in the Cathedral, Berlin. The 2nd Psalm, "Warum toben die Heiden," eight-part (Op. 78), and "Herr gott, du bist unsere Zuversicht," also eight-part (Op. 79). Belonging also to this period is the Hymn for contralto, chorus and orchestra (Op. 96), an arrangement of the "Drei geistliche Lieder für eine Altstimme mit chor und orgel," previously published without "Op." number, by Simrock Bonn.

1844.—Hymn for soprano, chorus and organ, Berlin (without "Op." number), Psalms for eight-part chorus (Op. 78).

1846.—"Lauda Sion," for chorus, solo, and orchestra (Op. 73), for the church of St Martin, Liege. The oratorio of *Elijah* (Op. 70), performed for the first time on the 25th August, 1846. "Sprüche" for eight-part chorus.

1847.—Three Motets for chorus and vocal solos (Op. 69), and recitatives and choruses from the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*.† From what precedes the reader will perceive the very great value of Herr J. Rietz's catalogue. But it is the second catalogue, containing "the unprinted works" of Mendelssohn, which completely astounds us. Justly does Rietz remark in the preface: "The large number of works here mentioned is a proof how strictly and conscientiously Mendelssohn behaved towards himself, and how much he laid on one side, which, even if requiring to be retouched, would have afforded pleasure and delight to the world; but it is a proof, also, that after his death, care was taken to pursue the same course, and to publish nothing from his posthumous papers unworthy of his name and his importance in the history of Art. Smaller pieces, composed for particular occasions, &c., and of which there exist a very great many, are not included in the list, the principal reason for this being that it would have been difficult to render it ever approximately complete. These unprinted works, all of which are still in existence, are arranged according to the different

\* To the year 1847 belongs, also, the finale to the opera of *Lorelie*, printed as Op. 98 from his papers. "Besides this, there exists of this opera only an 'Ave Maria,' for soprano solo and female chorus, a grand march with chorus, and the beginning of three other pieces.—J. Rietz, p. 515.

† He did not write the music to be played between the acts, &c., till 1843. On the 14th October in that year, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with all Mendelssohn's music, was performed for the first time in the new palace at Potsdam, and, on the 18th October following, at the Theatre Royal, Berlin.

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† The difference is most striking; for instance, in the case of the "Walpurgisnacht," composed in 1830 and 1831, but given as Op. 60, 1843, and also in that of the overture to *Ruy Blas*, composed in 1839, but not printed as Op. 95 till after Mendelssohn's decease.



styles of music, so that the reader is able to perceive at a glance the composer's extraordinary industry in each. The date of their composition is mostly added.

Under the head of *Sacred Music*, we find 23 numbers, including some ten grand pieces with orchestra. Among these there are a "Magnificat," of 1822; a "Kyrie," of 1825; the 100th Psalm, of 1844; and "Herr Gott, Dich loben wir," for double chorus, organ, four trombones and stringed instruments—in celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the existence of Germany—of 1843. Furthermore, there are thirteen pieces belonging to *St. Paul*, but eventually omitted by Mendelssohn (four choruses, 3 chorales, 4 recitatives, 1 soprano air, and 1 duet for soprano and bass), and more important works a *capella* (some eight-part ones) of 1826; twenty-eight for the Berlin Sing Akademie. Perhaps the compositions entitled, "Ad Vesperus," for three-part and four-part male chorus, and "Beati mortui," for male chorus, both written later than 1831, might, in the present scarcity of works of this description, merit another trial with a view to publication. We find, also, included among the "Weltliche Gesänge," seven more pieces for male chorus; a "Festmusik," words by Rellstab, also for male voices, with wind-instrument and basses, and seven numbers of solos and choruses, dating from 1827, and written for a festival got up by A. Von Humboldt, in honor of the German natural philosophers at Berlin. There is, too, for full chorus and orchestra, a Cantata for the Dürer Festival, 12th April, 1828, as well as fourteen solo pieces, grand fugued choruses, &c. Three one-act comic operas, and one three-act opera: *Der Onkel aus Boston, oder die beider Neffen*, are deserving of notice. There are, furthermore, about thirty airs and songs for one voice, with accompaniment. Of orchestral works, the manuscripts include two Symphonies (in D major, 1822; and in D minor, for the Festival of the Reformation, in London and Berlin, performed in 1830), and an Overture in C major, 1825, executed at the Düsseldorf Musical Festival, 1833.\*

For stringed-instruments, there are from twelve to sixteen pieces, in four, five and six parts respectively, a violin concerto being included among them. Among the eleven more important pieces for the piano, are two Pianoforte Concertos, with full band, a sextet, a quartet, a trio and four Sonatas (with clarinet, viol and violin), most of them dating from 1823 or 1824. But there is also a Sonata, with violin, in E flat major, belonging to 1838, that is to the composer's best period. For the pianoforte alone there are, besides a large number of smaller pieces, some productions of importance, including a Sonata in B flat major, 1827, the publication of which would be desirable, because, with the exception of the six Sonatas for the organ, we possess only one Sonata (Op. 6) in this style.†

\* I recollect it very well; it was fresh and animated, and, though possessing no decided character, pleased greatly. In reply to my frequent subsequent inquiries why he did not have it printed, and what had become of it, Mendelssohn always replied evasively; but I could see that he did not consider this Overture equal to the "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," and "Die Hebriden,"—composed subsequently—because it did not express any well defined idea.—L. BISCHOFF.

† In the catalogue of the printed works, the Organ Sonata in C minor (Op. 62), No. 2 is placed under 1839 and 1844, and the Sonata in D minor, No. 6 of the same work, under 1844 and 1845, while the date of No. 5 is not given. This is probably owing to some typographical error.

Lobe, in a notice on Mendelssohn, in the *Gartenlaube* (9th February, 1859), says: "He was, as a rule, very severe with regard to his works, and kept back many of the less important ones. We now see that the number of productions thus kept back was exceedingly great." Lobe goes on to say, however: "Of course the expression, 'less important,' applied to his works, is to be understood only relatively to his best productions, for he never published anything that deserved the designation of 'less important,' in the ordinary acceptance of the words. His relatively less important works are always worth more than many later productions whose authors fancy they equal or even surpass him." We agree with Herr Lobe, and believe that another and not too timid selection from the rich store of manuscripts Mendelssohn left behind him, would result in the discovery of many a piece of music worthy of being published, and to which Lobe's opinion would well apply.

Moscow.—The Italian Opera Company here need not dread a comparison with the company at St. Petersburg. The *prime donne* are: Antonietta Frisci, Rosina Laborde, Brayda Lablache; tenors—Emilio Pancani, Neri-Baraldi, Grossi; baritone—Francesco Stelleri; basses—Gassier, Violelli, Finocchii; and *buffo*—Frizzi.

DRESDEN.—Sophocles's *Oedipus in Colonus*, with Mendelssohn's music, was performed on the 20th ult. before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. It will, without doubt, shortly be repeated.

## DRAMATURGY AMONG THE JEWS.

The Jewish mimic Alityros was a favorite of the Emperor Nero, who himself performed on the stage, "conforming to every rule of the guitar-players." It was by Alityros that Josephus, the historian, was presented to the spouse of the emperor, Poppaea, at Pazzulo, and by her support he succeeded in rescuing the priests transported to Italy by the governor Felix. A Jewish tragic-poet existed even before the Christian era; Ezekiel, the Alexandrian, who dramatised the biblical account of the departure of Israel from Egypt, on the model of Euripides, fragments of which reached Eusebius of Cæsarea, Clemens of Alexandria and Eustathius. In Europe, Samuel Usque wrote the first Jewish drama (*Esther*) in the Spanish language; Antonio Enriquez Gomez wrote twenty-two comedies. The German Jews can only show some plays from the time before Mendelssohn,\* in which are dramatised the Histories of Joseph, David, Goliath and Esther. The author of the first named piece is Beermann, of Limburg. It was performed at the commencement of the 18th century at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, by talmudical students of Prague and Hamburg, in a theatre which was expressly established for this purpose, to the glorification of the Purim feast. The Jeshiba youths at that time only played at comedy on Purim. The "*Bachurim*" of Prague and Hamburg must have frequently visited the theatres of their time, as they were able to amuse not only their fellow-believers by sceneries and theatrical performances, but also Christian citizens of Frankfort. But the authorities of Frankfort deemed it inexpedient to let Christians attend a Jewish amateur theatre; the comedy playing, therefore, was prohibited under a penalty of twenty dollars. The clowns, which used to amuse Jewish wedding guests, were only displaced by the modern taste. A succession of modern Jewish dramatic poets commenced with Benedikt David Arnstein, of Vienna (1782-1804). In Germany also rabbins Dr. Ludwig Philippson in Magdeburg and Leopold Stein in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, contributed of late to the dramatic literature.

When the owners of the building put an end to the Jewish amateur theatre of Frankfort, neither Jews nor Christians anticipated that a time would come when rabbins would enrich the dramatic literature, and Jewish actors and actresses in different countries of Europe would meet with so much appreciation and even admiration. Since the days of Moses Chajjim Luzzatto, dramas have also appeared in the Hebrew language, partly original, partly translated. As authors in this kind of literature are to be named Dd. Franco Mendez, Samuel Romanelli, Joseph Troplowitz, Moses Kunitzer, Samuel David Luzzatto, Samuel L. Kappopot, Max Letteris, Kalmon Kohn, Sueskind Rashkow, S. Bacher.

To what Rabbi Fein quotes respecting instrumental and vocal music from Talmudical literature is to be added the reading of religious works, as well as of the bible. Mishnah, which took place in ancient times in a singing tone; even Solon's and other laws were chanted by the school-boys and girls. The admonition to improve daily in the study of the law Rabbi Akiba expounds in these words:—"Every day a canto, a canto every day!" It was said of an inadmissible explanation: Is this study? It is only a song! Important is the rabbinical controversy, whether vocal or instrumental music formed the most essential element in the temple music at Jerusalem. The fondness of singing remained among the people, though teachers of the Talmudical age desired the abrogation of vocal music on account of the mourning for Jerusalem. They sang even verses of Solomon's song after the manner of profane songs, which was much censured. Of the apostate, Elisha ben Abua (Acher) it is said, that he sang Grecian songs, or, according to another version, he loved musical instruments. That musical instruments were in common use is proved, not only by the regard paid to them in the Sabbath laws, but also by the use of the "mourning flute" for the accompaniment of the dirges at funerals, as was the general custom.

As chanting was in use even in school, so we might also suppose without express testimony from antiquity, that this was also the case with divine service in the synagogue. And that supposition is also fully confirmed by the direct testimony of ancient authorities, for it was, enacted in primeval times that the reader shall have an agreeable sonorous voice. Regular chant and instrumental music did not exist in the old synagogues co-temporary with the second temple of Jerusalem, as these were regarded as peculiar to the temple. The melodies of the synagogue were artless and in the form of a recitative, and the oldest Church melody is doubtless an adaptation or imitation thereof. The book *Of the Contemplative Life* contains the following description of the song of the Therapeutics both male and female:—"The clear distinct voice of the women in connection with the deep voices of men by contra notes and sonorous melodies produce a harmonious and truly musical symphony;" but as the book *Of the Contemplative Life*, which is added to the works of Philo, is not his production, so the description has no importance for the history of the followers of the Synagogue. In the

\* Grandfather of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

synagogues the women never sang. Regular training for synagogal chanting dates from post Talmudical ages. Already in books of the twelfth century, we read complaints of the frivolity of some readers, who repeated passages in the service in order to let their agreeable voices be heard. But the congregation, pleased with the singing, did not heed this complaint. The learned Dukes was the first to enquire into the nature and state of synagogal chanting, without its having been carried any further since then. Abraham Aben Ezra already knew of Hebrew songs, chanted to profane melodies. The cabalist, Menachem di Lonsano, informs us that he adapted his religious poetry to profane melodies; and Raphael Meldola borrowed the music for his Hebrew songs from ariettes and recitatives. R. Jacob ha-Levi, of Mayence, is regarded as the father of the German synagogal chanting.

In the synagogue of Bagdad, the German traveller, Patacha of Ratisbon, met with instrumental music in the twelfth century; in the "Altneu" synagogue, in Prague, the strains of the organ sounded already a hundred and sixty years ago. Hirsh Chajes broaches the hypothesis that the Church might not yet have made use of the organ, but this is not so. More than a thousand years before the emperor Constantinus Kopronymus sent an organ among other presents to King Pipin. This was the first organ seen in Western Europe. This historical fact may not have been known to the Jews of Prague; they, however, must have known that the organ is an instrument of the Church. But they were either enlightened enough not to be influenced by this, or their rabbis appeased their scruples with the assurance that instruments similar to an organ were used in the second temple of Jerusalem. It is certain that the visitors of the "Altneu" synagogue were edified by the strains of the organ, and that their Jewish feeling was not offended by it.

The notorious Pfefferkorn relates that the Jews had an invincible antipathy to the organ; but Shudt already was candid enough to refute the assertion, or at least to acknowledge the progress in musical matters. The hymns saluting the advent of the Sabbath were frequently sung with instrumental accompaniment. History even preserved the names of the Jewish musicians of Frankfurt in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the name of a Jew of Prague, Maier Mahler, who at that time built an organ. Leon of Modena enumerates music among his twenty-four attainments, by which he probably meant to say that he had given instruction in music; and R. Jair Chajim Bachrach was asked whether a certain talmudical scholar playing several instruments would not derogate from his own dignity, if he acted as musician at a wedding, of course not for pay. The Jews seem to have used the musical notes at first in Italy, the home of vocal music. As judges of music are named, Jehuda Muskato (1539), Israel Abba (1630), Leon of Modena (died 1640) and his son Sebulan. The physician, Arje Abraham de Porto Leone, who, at the wish of Duke Wilhelm Gonzaga, published in 1584 discourses on the use of gold in medical science, discussed the musical instruments of the ancient Hebrews in his celebrated *Shilte-ha-Gibborim*, and Solomo de Rossi published musical collections in Hebrew for three to eight voices. In our own days Jewish musicians have gained for themselves immortal laurels, and D'Israeli attributed to the Jewish race a particular musical talent.

It appears from all this that the element of song was never wanting in the religious service of the synagogue. Even as the praise of having introduced into the synagogue the art of preaching is due to modern time, so also that of having created synagogal music. As the words of the ancient prophets resound in the living and spiritual discourses of the synagogue, so the tunes of the ancient harp of Zion resound anew in the synagogues. In both cases it is the biblical spirit which has been aroused again, and which so easily finds its way to the heart. And even as modern synagogal pulpit orators do not hesitate to acknowledge, not only the historical authorisation, but also the high merits of the old Drasha, so also the composing artists of the synagogue are always more and more ready to value and recast the old melodies.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

MANNHEIM.—A performance of Herr W. Taubert's *Macbeth* was given lately for the benefit of the Pension-Fund for members of the Theatre Royal. The house was crowded with a most brilliant and fashionable audience. Madame Michelis-Nimbs sang the part of Lady Macbeth very finely. She was more especially impressive in the scene of the fourth act, where the Thane's guilty wife betrays, while asleep, the workings of her mind. She was recalled at the end of this scene, as well as at the conclusion of the opera, when the other principal artists also appeared. The orchestra and chorus, under Herr Ignaz, went admirably.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Hans von Bülow performed at one of the concerts recently given by the "Administration." The pieces selected by him were: the first Fantasia by Liszt, a "Barcarole" by Rubinstein and the "Robert Fantasia" by Liszt. MM. Servais and Colosanti also played at the same concert.

#### THE RHENISH VOCAL-ASSOCIATION.\*

The Festival of the Singers of Germany, held at Nuremberg, in 1861, suggested the idea of forming a universal German Vocal Federation ("Sängerbund"), an idea which presented itself the more readily to men's minds in the south of Germany because the Suabian Vocal Federation had already existed there for years. In imitation of this model, the Vocal Associations in the various parts of Germany were recommended to combine among themselves, and then gradually to enter the great Federation. Very much has since been done to carry out the idea; but, on the whole, the fate of everything bearing the name of a "German Federation" seems to have fallen to the lot of this Vocal Federation also; the idea becomes stunted in the execution; the spring dries up ere it has grown to be a river. We would not, however, be misunderstood. Just as the Nuremberg Festival was the magnificent and enthusiastic expression—realised by the aid of poetry and song—of German nationality, the German Vocal Federation, as a Federation of the love of one's native land, and as the sign of the yearning for unity and brotherhood, possesses a pleasing significance. If, however, we ask ourselves whether the spirit which recognises the seriousness of the end in view extends this seriousness to the means to that end—to song as an object of Art—we are obliged to confess that, as a general rule, this, with a few honorable exceptions, is not the case. However cheering the propagation, over town and country, of a taste for singing may be, it is assuming such vast proportions that the sincere friend of vocal music perceives in the fact rather a danger than a triumph. For all those who, during the last few years, have followed with interest the progress and results of the various musical festivals, great and small, this assertion requires no proof from us. Singing matches and prizes avail nothing, as was very justly acknowledged at Nuremberg. In Art, that which is bad and trivial can be kept in check only by what is really beautiful and important, executed in an artistic manner. For this reason, we joyfully welcome the new combination of *Six Rhenish Associations* for the purpose of maintaining the dignity of male part-singing as a noble branch of musical art, and, by means of a grand annual concert, executed by their united resources, of showing the public in what light they look upon their task, and how, by a serious cultivation of Art, they endeavour to perform that task. The six associations in question are the "Liedertafel," of Aix-la-Chapelle; the "Concordia," of Bonn; the "Liedertafel," of Crefeld; the "Liedertafel," of Elberfeld; the "Männer-Gesangverein," of Cologne; and the "Männer-Gesangverein," of Neuss. The new Association was established last April. According to its statutes, the place of meet whence, also, all the measures for the arrangements and carrying-out of the combined performance emanate, will be changed every year. One half of the receipts of the performance will be set apart to pay for compositions of importance destined for men's voices; and the other half principally for the benefit of the town in which the performance is held. Cologne was unanimously selected as the place of meeting for 1863; and Aix-la-Chapelle, for 1864. In accordance with this resolution, the Männer-Gesang of Cologne, and their director, Herr Franz Weber, have undertaken to make the arrangements for, and carry out, this year's concert, which will take place on Sunday, October 4th, in the large room of the Gürzenich. If we look at the programme of the concert, we perceive, firstly, that, in selecting the pieces, the committee have kept clear of everything that is commonplace or that has been too frequently sung, and, secondly, that the two greatest living German composers, Franz Lachner and Ferdinand Hiller, acknowledge and further the object of the Association by contributing compositions written expressly for it. Herr Lachner has dedicated to the Association a setting of the 150th Psalm, with orchestral and organ accompaniment; and Herr Hiller, two songs from the *Edda* (by Eitar Ling): "Osterfeuer" and "Ostara," for solo, male chorus and orchestra. Besides these more important productions, we shall hear two of the finest sacred songs ever written ("O bone Jesu") by Palestrina and ("Popule meus") by Vittoria, respectively; Mendelssohn's Hymn: "An die Künstler;" Lachner's "Sturmesmythe," and songs by Carl M. von Weber, Franz Schubert, N. W. Gade, Jul. Rietz and J. Herbeck. The efforts of the Rhenish Vocal Association being directed to combating the maxim: "Wherever Art has sunk, it has sunk by the fault of artists," let the public meet these efforts half-way, and, on their part, prove that they only require the really Beautiful to be offered them to appreciate and love it!

L. B.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESER, whose new trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, is dedicated to the King of Portugal (well known to be a talented performer on the violoncello), has received a handsome letter of acknowledgment from His Majesty, accompanied by a decoration of one of the principal orders of merit of the kingdom.

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

## MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 1st, 1863.

THE full season at Milan has, so far, been unsatisfactory, and the huge theatre of La Scala shows every night but scant and unimpassioned audiences. Of old operas, *I Puritani* and *Norma* have been given with fair success, but the novelty, Maestro Cagnoni's *Vecchio della Montagna*, has, I am told, not created the sensation that was expected. Cagnoni is a Milanese, who has written some three or four other operas, though his reputation is as yet confined to Italy. The *Vecchio* contains a few fine choruses, several spirited airs of the Verdi school, and in its processions and banquet scenes allows fair scope for spectacular display. The plot is, to say the least, unique. The *Vecchio*—the "Old Man of the Mountain"—is one Hassan, the leader of a band of fanatical assassins, something of the Thug school, and who, says a learned footnote in the libretto, the Orientals call Scheikh-al-gehal, or in Latin, Senex Montis, and in Italian, Vecchio della Montagna—Anglice, Old Man of the Mountain. This amiable old man has a daughter, Fatima, who, having previously been a prisoner in the hands of the Crusaders, falls in love with one of them, Paul of Salran by name. Salran in his turn is taken prisoner by the Arsacidi, Hassan's retainers, and Fatima endeavors to save him from death; even confessing to her father that she loves him. The old gentleman takes the news quite calmly, and even consents to release Paul and marry him to his daughter, offering him wealth, honors and a turban, all of which the absurd Paul declines with thanks. Hence rage and "rabbia" of the stern parent and weeping and dolor of the beautiful Fatima, who bring the second act to a close by the simultaneous expression of these highly lyric emotions.

Female ingenuity will not, however, be balked, and Fatima having again reduced her murdering papa to terms, they agree to drug Paul with *hasheesh*. The happy plan succeeds, and in the ecstasy caused by the effects of the drug, Paul comes up to the mark, declares he is highly enamored with Fatima, says "abbraciarmi!" and "Io t'amo," while the lovers mutually declare that they are quite crammed with happiness and "celeste voluttà." Unluckily, this love is of brief duration. A few minutes before the wedding, three assassins—mild gentlemen wearing white surplices like country parsons—came in to announce to Hassan that, in the fulfillment of certain little commissions to them given by him, they had casually cut the throat of Paul's father. At this, Paul, on the rampage, stops the marriage ceremonies, overturns the altar and everybody and everything, relieves his, her, its and their feelings by an elaborate and really effective concerted piece.

In the fourth act Paul appears at the head of a band of Christian soldiers, and in the orchestral battle is supposed to attack and conquer the Arsacidi, but is, however, himself wounded and taken prisoner by them, and dies in the arms of Fatima confessing his love for her—an assertion, by the way, which seems to be rather apocryphal when his former actions are considered. This fourth act is the best in the opera, the concluding trio being particularly noticeable as well as the opening chorus of crusaders and a spirited tenor air. The general design of the work, the locality of the scenes, the costumes and even some of the airs remind the hearer somewhat of Verdi's *Lombardi*, though Cagnoni possesses enough originality to release him from the charge of plagiarism. The opera is well mounted, but its continuity is broken by the interloping between the second and third acts of a very long, dull and wearisome ballet—the *Bianchi e Negri*—in which American southern life is depicted in a series of most amusing blunders and anachronisms.

At the Carcano, Frezzolini has just finished an engagement, broken by frequent indispositions. She sang in *Sonnambula* last night, her lithographed portrait being distributed among the occupants of the boxes, while the house was illuminated *al giorno*. Frezzolini is, of course, still the same finished artist, but her voice is almost gone, and the Milan journals are absolutely discourteous in their notices of the fact.

At the Radegonda theatre, a third-rate company is playing *Puritani* very badly, and Donizetti's *Regina di Golconda* very well indeed, an admirable buffo, whose name I forget, and the baritone, Garcia, winning much applause. This Garcia belongs to the celebrated Garcia family, and is a nephew of Malibran and Viardot. He is quite a young man, and this is his first engagement and first opera. His voice is smooth and delicate, his action and gesticulation good, and by no means like a novice; and in an interpolated air from *Maria di Rohan* he exhibits many of the excellencies of the Garcia school. The tenor of the Radegonda troupe, also from a distinguished musical family—the Ronzis—has been for some time a successful teacher in this city, but is quite new to the stage.

Mr. Grau, the American Impresario, has been in Milan hunting up singers, and has engaged Vera-Lorini, a soprano of merit, and Castrì, a contralto, for the New York winter season.

From Fano—Giuglini's home—I hear of the continued success of that artist in *Favorita* and other operas; but his triumph does not equal that of Ferraris, the dancer, at Perugia, where the public is absolutely ridiculous in its ovations.

Stigelli, the tenor and composer, who has lately had so many successes in America, is engaged for the season commencing October 8th, at Florence, to sing in *Faust*, which threatens to overrun the Italian stages as the deluge did the peaks and crags of Palestine. The *prima donna*, who is to be the Marguerite, is admirably fitted for the part, which makes it the more annoying that her name has escaped the treacherous memory of

TROVATORE.

FLORENCE.—Something so strange has lately occurred here that it deserves to be mentioned. The Italian Government having decided that a Royal Conservatory of Music shall be established in Palermo, appointed a committee charged with the task of testing the capabilities of those artists who shall compete for the post of director of the new institution. The committee meets in this city, and is composed of honorable men, whose musical talent is beyond a doubt. This renders the following fact all the more strange. Among the competitors for the post was Sig. Petrella, the composer of several works performed with success at the leading theatres of Italy. We may mention, for instance, *Mario Visconti*, *Precauzioni*, *Assedio di Leyda*, *Jane* and *Folette di Grey*, which were produced and favorably received at the Scala, Milan, at the theatre in Naples and at that in Turin. Despite of this, what does the committee do? It requests Sig. Petrella to compose an exercise, especially given him, to show of what he is capable, and its selects a canon or a fugue. This is not the place to discuss the value of Sig. Petrella's works, but the committee has no right to ask an approved composer to write a task fitted only for a student. Sig. Petrella has, in consequence, retired from among the competitors for the situation.

GUERNSEY.—At the Assembly Rooms on Friday evening Mr. Deacon's *Chronological Recital of Pianoforte Music* was honored by the attendance of Lady Slade and family, Mrs. Stafford Carey and family, a brilliant assemblage of our local society, and by nearly all the musical talent of the island. The performance included compositions by Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, Thalberg and Prudent. Not an unimportant feature was the fact, that the twenty pieces which formed the programme were, with two exceptions, played from memory. Precision, brilliancy, force, and, above all, beauty of tone, the power of "singing" upon the instrument, and a perfect interpretation of each author—these are the predominant qualities of Mr. Deacon's playing, a pianist of the highest order. The applause, which early in the evening was general and hearty, became, as the recital proceeded, enthusiastic, and we may safely say that nothing hitherto brought before us has created such a sensation.

Mr. Howard's opera recitals continue to attract. On Saturday there was a day performance of sacred music, in the evening Locke's music to *Macbeth* and selections from *Guy Mannering* were given, and yesterday evening the audience were treated with *Der Freischütz*. All were admirably performed, and deservedly applauded.—*Abridged from the Guernsey Star*.

BADEN.—Italian opera has made way for French plays. On the Grand Duke's birthday there was a concert, the profits of which were given to the poor of the town. The following was the programme: 1. Overture to *Sophia Catharina*, by Herr von Flotow; 2. Aria, sung by M. Delle Sedie; 3. Three Trifles for the piano, executed by Herr Jaell; 4. Duet from the *Stabat Mater*, sung by Mdle. Battu and Mad. Demeric-Lablache; 5. Concerto for violoncello, on a song by Schubert, played by Herr Seligmann; 6. Variations on Rossini's "Cenerentola," sung by Mdle. Battu; 7. Fantasia upon *Il Trovatore*, composed and performed by M. Alard; 8. Arioso from the *Prophète*, and brindisi from *Luerzia*, sung by Mad. Demeric-Lablache; 9. Pianoforte Fantasia on *Le Philtre*, performed by Herr Krüger; and 10. Duet from *Don Pasquale*, sung by Mdle. Battu and M. Delle Sedie. Herr Könnemann was the conductor.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Sixty-one vocal associations, thirty-seven of which were German, took part in the Festival held here last month. There were seventeen Belgian and seven Dutch associations. Two of the former contended for the grand prize, battling with each other like a couple of lions. Two or three more than ordinary artistic trials enabled the "Légia" association to carry off the prize, consisting of a magnificent porcelain vase (the gift of His Majesty, the King of Prussia) and 250 thalers.

ROME.—Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* has inaugurated the season at the Argentine Theatre with immense eclat. The interpretation of this masterpiece was confided to Mesdames Carozzi-Zucchi and Monte, Signors Junca, Limberti and Gounari. Signor Junca created a powerful impression by his performance of Bertram, and the local journals speak in unmeasured terms of his appearance, his dramatic capabilities and the power and beautiful quality of his voice.



## AP' MUTTON COLUMN.

RESEKINGS—COMMENTS—ANECDOTES—QUESTIONS—ANSWERS.

MY DEAR MR. AP' MUTTON,—The following extract from *The World*, of June 28, 1753, will prove interesting to the admirers of the "Immortal Handel," when considered that it was written during his lifetime, and how closely the opinion entertained of his great ability then resembles that of the present day.

"Simplicity is with justice esteemed a superior excellence in all the performances of Art, because by this quality they more nearly resemble the productions of nature; and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their simplicity.

"Whoever considers the latest importations of music and musicians from Italy will be convinced that the modern masters of that country have lost that beautiful simplicity which is generally the ornament of every musical composition, and which really dignified those of their predecessors.

"They have introduced so many intricate divisions, wild variations, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprise the ear than to please the judgment; and that of the performer to show his execution rather than his expression.

"It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the transitions themselves, while pathos, the soul of music, is either unknown or totally neglected.

"Those who have studied the works of Corelli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of the former owe their excellence to *simplicity* alone, and that the latter understands it *as well*, and attends to it *as much*, though he knows *when* to introduce with propriety those niceties and refinements which for want of that propriety we condemn in others.

"In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, *simplicity* is a beauty."

The following item is extracted from a letter of King Edward the Fourth:—

"We will, that the sons of noble lords and gentlemen being in the household with our said son, arise at a convenient hour and hear their mass, and be virtuously brought up, and taught in *grammar, music*, or other training exercises of *humanity*."

And still later, we find among the household allowances to Queen Mary, the sum of £1728, 5s. 0d. per annum for "musitions and players," or to quote the manuscript, "Booke of fees and offices, Primo die Augusti (1553), anno primo, Regine Marie:—

"The royal band of *musitions and players* are particularised as including 'trumpeters, luters, harpers, rebeks, sagbuts, vialls, bagpipers, minstrels, drumslades, players on the fluyte, players on the virginalles, musitions strangers (Venetians), and players of interludes, eight in number, every one of them sixty-six shillings by the yeare; and makers of instruments."

Next week I intend sending you a few anecdotes.—Yours faithfully,  
EUPHONION.

THE EISTEDDFOD.—But with all this disorderliness there was not the slightest show of license. The chorus, gathered from many miles round, numbering on the first night four hundred persons, was made up of iron-forgers from Merthyr Tydvil and Dowlais, of the copper miners who so largely contribute to the smell of new coinage perceptible in the town, of workers from the small farms on the soft wild hill-sides of the Neath and Swansea valleys. Yet not an instance of rudeness, or bad manners, or drunkenness, did I see; and I think only one discontented artist, a man of Dowlais, with a lamboo-colored beard, and who was too much vexed at being squeezed by his fellow-choristers not to bestow his vexation on us as he passed, seeing that there was no one else in the way. "Iss and inteed," he complained, "there was no room to sing." He was pacified by a little neighbourly inquiry; favored us with some particulars about the competition on the following morning (we arrived, did I say? on the eve of the first day's concert), and also with the fact that *he sung beace*. It was pleasant not long after to see him shoulder to shoulder with a rosey-checked little girl, in one of those saucer-shaped straw hats which look very shabby to persons who recollect the probably much more uncomfortable flower-pot of beaver, which was the height of fashion in the good days ere bards came in to sing at Swansea, by railway, from Baglan, and the Mumbles, and Cwmllynfell. Nothing, again, could be conceived better than the relations of gentle with simple. On the one side there was

no parade, on the other no sycophancy. The singing of the chorus was a great pleasure and astonishment. Nothing of the kind was in existence when I first knew this thriving town. Then if one wandered up among the hills, where the wild tunes grow, and the tinkling of the triple harp used to be heard, as well as the clinking of the pot of ale, in every public house—there might be heard pretty voices, as fresh as the briar rose on the cheeks of the girls who owned them, and perhaps Pennillion singing—nothing wonderful—a thing hardly deserving the name of improvisation, which any three singing persons or more having an aptitude for rhyme, some courage, and no fear of common-place, could master with a week's practice.—*All the Year Round*.

O Ap' Mutton, Esq.

OWAIN AP' MUTTON

[Contributions to this column in the shape of questions and answers, old scraps of musical history, buried anecdotes, contrapuntal clenches and opinions, whether paradoxical or platitudinarian, are politely requested.]

## MAGGIONI v. RIPPINGTON PIPE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Having by chance seen the most uncalled for, offensive and false observations made by a correspondent of your paper, signed Rippington Pipe, I beg to ask your correspondent if he has read my last letter of the 19th September? By that letter I most firmly declined to continue the correspondence alluded to. Here are my words:—

By all this my antagonist must learn that the day of truth will dawn, no matter how long the night may be. I leave him, therefore, the field to say what more he likes against me. I shall not be angry, nor cherish any rancour. I shall tranquilize my feelings, as when the wind, suddenly ceasing in the middle of a storm, an agitated tree (by mistake it was printed "ancient") recomposes its branches, and receives the hail as it pleases heaven to send it."

I then finished my letter with three Latin quotations, which I shall put in English, that your correspondent may understand them.

(1) "I therefore in future, as a deaf man, shall not hear, and as a dumb man, shall not open my mouth."—THE PSALMIST.

(2) "Nothing can be stronger, nothing can be more sublime, than to hear injuries and not reply the contrary."—CASSIODORUS' *Treaty of the Soul*.

(3) "Yield even against thy feeling, and thou shalt be the conqueror."—OVID, *De Arte Amandi*.

After these plain declarations made on the 19th September, if my antagonist continued the controversy, and if the editor found it necessary to put a stop to it by notice of the 26th September, it is quite plain to all that the notice was not directed to me, as your correspondent wishes to infer. About the other observation, that such a controversy does no profit to any person, I entirely differ from his opinion, because my last words ought to be an excellent lesson for any one in future that may be found in a similar circumstance. It is painful to think that, whilst so disinterestedly I quitted the field of controversy, and of my own free will declined to speak further, a correspondent, unknown to me, should venture remarks so unjust and so out of time, and endeavour to awaken the memory of hostilities that had entirely passed away.—I am, Sir, yours truly,  
MANFREDO MAGGIONI.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave her new concert-lecture, with pianoforte and vocal illustrations, on Thursday, the 1st inst., in the spacious school-room in the Canterbury-road, Brixton, which attracted a large audience. The literary portion of the entertainment, written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, included a discussion on the merits of England as a musical nation, interesting biographical anecdotes, and some instructive remarks and criticisms. These were delivered by Mrs. John Macfarren with great distinctness of utterance and with much animation; while in the execution of the varied selection of pianoforte music provided, the fair lecturer sustained her well-earned reputation as one of our most accomplished pianists. Mrs. John Macfarren possesses all the mechanical requisites for a finished artiste, coupled to an intimate familiarity with the intention of the music she seeks to interpret; and she was alike successful in several movements from sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven and Dussek, a Toccato of Scarlatti, and Liszt's fantasia "Les Patineurs." She also played two pieces by Brissac, "The music of the sea," and "Rose, Thistle and Shamrock," in such a manner as to elicit a rapturous re-demand. Miss Eliza Hughes was the vocalist. She made a considerable effect in a *lied* by Mendelssohn, and a canzonet by Haydn, created a marked impression in a new ballad by Mrs. John Macfarren, and was encored in Mr. Macfarren's new song, "The beating of my own heart." The performance—which was given for the benefit of St. John's School, Brixton—went off with the greatest *clat* from first to last, and Mrs. John Macfarren had every reason to be gratified with the enthusiastic reception with which she was greeted throughout the evening.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## BIRTH.

On the 5th inst., at Sussex Place, Regent's Park, the wife of EDMUND A NETHERCLIFT, Esq., of a daughter, still born.

## DEATH.

On the 30th September, the Lady SOPHIA GIUBILEI.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR—As I foretold you, the directors of the Royal English Opera have issued no prospectus for the approaching season. A bare announcement of the first performance to take place on Monday, with the names of the characters and artists, is all they have thought worth their while to publish. Herein the musical world is left entirely in the dark as to future proceedings, and the subscribers are not even taken into consideration, for who would venture to pay beforehand without knowing something of the article to be purchased? Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. H. Harrison are the first managers, I believe, who ever ignored making an appeal to the public on the eve of an important session. Does this proceed from pride or heedlessness? Do the directors think that their past labors in the field of national music are a sufficient guarantee for future exertions, and that their names alone in the bills will inspire confidence and create enthusiasm? Or is the musical public, in their estimation, of no account, a mere puppet in the hands of skilled artist-managers, to be pulled and danced at their pleasure? I seek in vain in the history of the Opera or the Drama for a like act of "boastful reticence." Even in the most aristocratic and exclusive days of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, when the names of a few of the artists would have served to satisfy the subscribers, there was invariably issued a more or less descriptive and promissory scheme of what was intended for the season; and we all know how Mr. Monck Mason and Mr.

Laporte enlarged the mere customary outline of the proceedings to a lengthy and particularized proclamation—to say nothing of Mr. Lumley, who transcended all his predecessors in his pledges and flourishes. In fact, the writing of prospectuses grew into an art which has reached its climax in modern days, never more happily exemplified than in the grandiloquent, richly figurative and vaunting documents issued last year from the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre. Not Mr. Alfred Bunn, nor Mr. E. T. Smith, in his most swelling and inventive moments ever surpassed the bombast and polysyllabic assurances of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson. Macready himself, the proudest of actors, and the most keenly averse from anything like imposition, nevertheless felt the necessity of conciliating those on whose support he depended for life and fame, and on the eve of every season sent forth to the world his list of players and a sketch of his intended achievements. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison are above all precedents, and stand on their mere names. They are the "Royal English Opera," and the musical public must bow before them, and, trusting entirely to their antecedents, put faith in their *no* promises. I fear the musical people of London are not such enthusiasts about the National Opera, nor about the artists themselves, to be satisfied without a word. But let us see what can be gathered from the announcement—that is, from the advertisement of the opening performance on Monday night.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN,**  
under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, will OPEN for the EIGHTH and LAST SEASON on Monday, October 12, with an entirely new romantic opera, the libretto by A. Harris and T. J. Williams, Esqs., the music composed by W. Vincent Wallace, to be called THE DESERT FLOWER. Onlita (Queen of the Indian Tribe, Anakowias), Miss Louisa Pyne; Eva (Owner of a Plantation), Miss Susan Pyne; Casgan (an Indian Chief, disguised as a Trapper), Mr. W. H. Weiss; Major Hector Van Pamperniele (of the Dutch Service), Mr. Henry Corri; Sergeant Peterman, Mr. A. Cook; and Maurice (an Officer in the Dutch Service), Mr. W. Harrison. The new scenery by Mr. W. Grieve and assistants. The opera will commence at 8 o'clock. Prices as usual. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5. No fees to boxkeepers or charges for booking places.—Stage Manager, Edward Stirling.

Taking the above for my sole guide—as I am bound to do—I should infer that the Royal English Opera was wanting in a *primo tenore*, a contralto and a barytone. Mr. W. Harrison has for some years felt the necessity of abdicating the first tenor throne in favor of Messrs. Henry Haigh and George Perren—neither of whom, by the way, can even now sing so well, nor show a tithe of his histrionic powers; Miss Susan Pyne is only retained in her place on account of unusual animation in her acting; and neither Mr. A. Cook nor Mr. H. Corri can by any stretch of courtesy be called a first or even second barytone. Mr. Santley, as I hinted to you a week or two since, has refused all offers of an engagement, whereby the English Opera is deprived of one of its greatest attractions, if not its very greatest. Perhaps, on the whole, with so deficient a company, and with a loss so irreparable as that of Mr. Santley, the directors displayed the wisest policy in saying nothing at all, more especially as they do not seem to attach the slightest importance to their subscription list. But how comes it that, while the stage-manager's name appears, that of the musical director is omitted? Are we to suppose that Mr. Edward Stirling is of more consequence to the establishment than Mr. Alfred Mellon? Or, in reality, has Mr. Mellon been superseded?

I hear good reports about Mr. Wallace's opera. I hope it will be better than the last. I verily believe that Mr. Balfe and Mr. Wallace had a private wager between them last year as to who should produce the weakest work. I own, looking at it in that light, the contest was a great trial of strength. Mr. Augustus Harris, I perceive, is the



librettist of the *Desert Flower*, Mr. Wallace's new opera. Mr. Harris is not a perfect poet, but he is a capital judge of a plot, and secured Miss Louisa Pyne's interest at once for the piece by making the heroine a queen. Miss Pyne has long ignored simple characters, and is now satisfied with nothing short of royalty, forgetting that her great reputation was made in the *Sonnambula* and *King Charles the Second*. Alas for Miss Pyne's preference! Malibran's predilection was for *Aurina*, a peasant-girl; Grisi almost made her name in *Ninetta*, a peasant-girl; Sontag's most finished performance was *Linda*, a peasant-girl; and Mdle. Patti's most successful part is *Zerlina*, a peasant-girl. However, Miss Louisa Pyne was once upon a time informed that she bore a strong resemblance to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and ever since the fair and accomplished artist cannot endure to tread the boards in aught excepting regal robes.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

(Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD).

MONSIEUR,—On publie en ce moment le théâtre complet d'Alexandre Dumas, chez MM. Michel Lévy frères. Si ce théâtre n'avait à tous les points de vue une très grande valeur, et comme œuvre d'art, et comme une des dates les plus brillantes du mouvement littéraire et dramatique de la première moitié de ce siècle, je me serais fait une loi de n'en point parler. Je suis, à l'égard de Dumas, un juge partial et prévenu. Depuis bien des années je lui ai voué des sentiments de sympathie et d'affection qu'aucune divergence d'opinions et de conduite ne saurait altérer et qui ne s'éteindront qu'avec moi. Il me le rend bien, du reste; il m'aime et il en donne plusieurs raisons; celle-ci, entre autres, qui lui semble une rareté piquante: "C'est le seul de mes amis"—dit-il—"qui ne m'ait jamais attaqué."

Je l'ai connu à son premier voyage en Italie, lorsqu'il avait déjà fait jouer les pièces contenues dans les deux volumes qui ont paru jusqu'ici. Ses *Impressions de voyage en Suisse* n'avaient pas eu moins de succès que ses drames. Il était célèbre; il avait beaucoup d'ennemis. Je me souviens qu'à cette époque, on disait, en raillant, qu'il allait découvrir la Méditerranée. Je n'avais pas vingt ans; je ne savais pas un mot de français; aussi mon embarras fut grand lorsque j'eus l'honneur de lui être présenté. Notre conversation se fut bornée probablement à une révérence de ma part, à un salut de la sienne, s'il n'avait pris sur lui de me parler dans ma langue. Je le flattais si je disais qu'il savait alors l'italien comme il le sait aujourd'hui. Il s'exprimait avec beaucoup de peine; mais sa figure était si animée, son esprit, sa verve intarissable perçaient si bien à travers ses paroles un peu étranges ou étrangement prononcées, que je le regardais avec un étonnement mêlé d'admiration.

Je dois lui rendre cette justice, que lorsqu'il apprit par une dame, chez laquelle nous nous rencontrions souvent, mon projet de venir en France, il fit tout son possible pour m'en détourner. "Si vous avez quelque pouvoir sur lui, disait-il à notre commune amie, empêchez-le de faire une folie pareille. Nous avons à Paris des jeunes gens, pleins de talent, qui meurent littéralement de faim. Que deviendra-t-il dans cette Babylone, lui qui ne sait pas le premier mot de notre langue? Donnera-t-il quelques leçons d'italien? J'en doute. Il y a plus de maîtres que d'élèves. Toute l'émigration, qui est fort nombreuse, ne vit que de cela. Mamiani, Tommaseo, Leopardi, n'ont pas d'autre ressource.

Au nom du ciel! engagez-le à ne point quitter son pays."

Je fus très touché de ces conseils, mais comme j'avais, par d'incroyables efforts, amassé la somme énorme de cinq cents francs, je partis croyant que jamais je ne verrais la fin de mon trésor. Je payai cent francs pour mon passage de Naples à Marseille; je tombai malade, et, après bien des souffrances et bien des traverses, j'arrivai enfin à Paris, n'ayant plus que cinq louis et une jolie montre en or qui prit bientôt le chemin du mont-de-piété. Je m'enfermai alors dans une petite chambre au sixième étage, rue de Richelieu, et, grâce à quelques livres que me prêta ma portière (c'étaient des prix qu'avait reçus son fils à la pension), j'essayai d'apprendre mon français tout seul. Ce que cela m'a coûté de peines, Dieu seul le sait. Le premier article que j'envoyai à *la Presse* avait pour titre: *L'Italie, par un Italien*. Je l'avais écrit en une demi-heure; je mis vingt nuits et vingt jours à le traduire: il est vrai que je n'avais point de dictionnaire, et qu'il me fallait chercher, dans des volumes dépareillés, que je savais presque par cœur, les phrases et les mots équivalents pour tâcher de me faire comprendre dans une autre langue que la mienne. Mon article contenait quelques aperçus nouveaux et quelques notions assez exactes sur un pays que l'on ne connaissait pas du tout alors, et que l'on ne connaît pas bien, même aujourd'hui. Il fut beaucoup reproduit, et M. de Girardin me permit d'écrire dans son journal autant de *Variétés* que je voudrais. Il en parlait à son aise. Il ne savait pas, et je me gardai bien de trahir mon secret, qu'il me fallait deux ou trois heures pour chaque ligne que je traduisais dans cette terrible langue française, où l'on me croyait bien moins ignorant que je n'étais.

J'avais déjà publié plusieurs articles sur Pellico, sur Manzoni, sur la Malibran, que sais-je? lorsque je me trouvais, un soir, avec Dumas dans les bureaux de *la Presse*. Je n'avais point osé lui faire une visite de peur d'importuner. Il me gronda doucement, avec ce visage ouvert qu'on lui connaît, me serra la main bien fort, et, passant son bras sous le mien, m'entraîna sur le boulevard. Là, au milieu d'une conversation si étincelante que j'en avais des éblouissements, il me dit de la meilleure grâce du monde, qu'il avait plusieurs ouvrages à faire sur l'Italie, et que, s'il me convenait de travailler sous sa direction, il y consentirait volontiers. Je le remerciai avec l'effusion la plus vive: je croyais rêver les yeux ouverts, et je commençais à regarder les passants avec un certain air de supériorité. Un scrupule m'arrêta tout à coup.—"Et que ferez-vous de mon français?"—lui dis-je.—"Laissez-moi tranquille"—fit-il en riant—"votre français n'a qu'un seul défaut, c'est d'être trop français."

Je sentis la critique fort juste et fort sensée qui se cachait sous le compliment. Il me fallait assouplir, dégager ma manière, la détendre et lui ôter cette roideur commune à tous les étrangers qui apprennent une langue dans les livres. Au lieu d'un maître, je pris une maîtresse, et, comme ses leçons m'étaient fort agréables, en peu de jours je fis beaucoup de progrès. Je fus donc reçu d'emblée au nombre des collaborateurs de M. Alexandre Dumas. J'expliquerais tout à l'heure en quoi consistait cette collaboration dont plusieurs ont tiré plus de vanité qu'il n'eût fallu, et dont ils ont le tort et l'ingratitude de se plaindre après l'avoir sollicitée comme une faveur ou acceptée comme un bienfait. En ce qui me concerne, un des grands avantages que j'y trouvai, ce fut d'observer et d'étudier de près cette organisation prodigieuse qui doit paraître une énigme à ceux qui ne l'ont pas vue à l'œuvre dans une intimité de tous les instants.

P. A. FIORENTINO.

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The rumour now and then whispered, rather than talked about, in musical circles, that Rossini had a new opera in his desk on the subject of *Don Giovanni*, and which was only to be produced after his death, is believed by many. The great Italian *Maestro* was not desirous, it would seem, of trying his strength with Mozart while he was in the land of the living; but when his spirit has descended into Hades he does not mind that his genius should be put to the severest possible test, and so he leaves his version of *Don Giovanni* to posterity as an heir-loom, to be compared even with the greatest masterpiece of operatic music. Now, if there were any truth in this rumour—which there is not—the greatest possible interest and curiosity would attach to the fact, for there are thousands, in France especially, who place Rossini alongside of Mozart as a dramatic composer. When, however, I hear and read of M. J. Offenbach being busy with a new libretto on the subject of *Don Juan*, I cannot believe in the evidence of my senses. Such temerity would outstrip that of Phœbus undertaking to drive the horses of Apollo—although M. Offenbach could not, in the wildest metaphorical acceptance, be entitled the son of Mozart.

At the Grand Opera there is nothing new nor interesting, beyond the active preparation for the reproduction of Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, or *Mosè*, to give it its French appellation. This magnificent and beautiful work, I see, is about to be given at Florence, on the occasion of the reopening of the Theatre Pagliano, and has also been selected for the inauguration of the Carnival season at the Scala in Milan. I am glad to find the love for the true and beautiful is returning in Italy and France. *Don Giovanni*, I understand, will be produced at the Opera, with M. Faure as the hero. This, I fear, will be bad for the Opera, and not very good for M. Faure. Mlle. Zina Mirante, the *dansseuse*, created a great sensation recently in the ballet of "The Four Seasons," in the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, and a still greater sensation in the old ballet of *Giselle*, revived expressly for her. One of the journals describes her as "*la dansseuse la plus parfaite qu'il y ait à l'Opera*."

The Italian Opera will not open, as was intended, with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Signor Fraschini, of "Malediction" repute, has arrived, but finds himself fatigued, and not sufficiently acclimatized to venture on the curse of Lucy, and so has begged for a week's repose. The opening opera will therefore be *La Traviata*, in which Madame de Lagrange will sustain the consumptive heroine, Signor Nicolini, her imaginative adorer, and Signor Giraltoni, the weighty and most tedious father. The cast will be new at all events. M. Bagier has engaged Madame Julienne Dejean—who figured some years at the Royal Italian Opera, London—an immense favorite at Madrid, to perform in *Polinto* and the *Ballo in Maschera*. Notwithstanding the large company engaged at the Italiens—and M. Bagier's is the most numerous within my recollection—the following artists are awaiting engagements in Paris: Sopranos—Mesdames Rosina Penco, Marie Battu, Leontina Fonti, Saretta de Bujanovics, Murio Celli, Schenardi-Sterbini and Tagliafico; Contraltos—Mesdames Albani and Lemaire; Tenors—Signors Oriandi, Morelli-Ponti, Murri, Sterbini and Valsovani; and Basses—Signors Marchetti and Tagliafico. Even Signor Naudin, when he has terminated his engagements at Prague and Berlin, will be free at the end of October. So many Italian singers in Paris unemployed and without engagements have not been known. The fact is more strange when it is remembered that M. Bagier has secured two large companies for Paris and Madrid.

MADAME MARCHESI AND HER PUPIL (from an enthusiastic correspondent).—The appearance of a "star" in the musical world may shortly be expected. A young and interesting English lady, with a voice and talent à la Patti—Adelina Patti—is now studying in Paris under Mad. Marchesi, late professor of the *conservatoire* in Vienna. Those who have had an opportunity of hearing the new aspirant for vocal fame pronounce her voice to be of unusual sweetness and her vocalization to be highly finished. Madame Marchesi, who assisted the studies of Mlle. Tietjens, Signora Fricki and other celebrated singers of the German and Italian stages, will, no doubt, afford us an early opportunity of hearing this wonderful pupil.

MR. G. A. MACFARREN'S OPERA DI CAMORA, *Jessy Lea*, is, we understand, to form the substance of Mr. German Reed's new entertainment, and will be produced at the Gallery of Illustration the week after next. Mr. Macfarren has had the great advantage, in this concise but far from unimportant work, of the co-operation of his former librettist, Mr. John Oxenford. The opera, we are told, was planned and written at the instigation of the late Mr. F. Beale, who watched its progress piece by piece with the utmost interest. His design was to institute a form of lyrical entertainment which might be available for drawing-room performance, and would thus afford material for the exercise of the no inconsiderable amount of amateur musical talent at present amongst us. The production of *Jessy Lea* is an experiment on the part of poet, musician and impresario, but it is one from which we may confidently anticipate success.

HAMBOURG.—Mlle. Adelina Patti has performed here in three parts, of a very different character, Rosina in the *Barbiere*, Marguerite in *Faust* and Dinorah in *Le Pardon de Ploermel*. In Rossini's opera Mlle. Patti was supported by the Italian company of Merelli; but in *Faust*, and the *Pardon* her fellow-singers were Germans. The public of Hambourg are well acquainted with those little disparities of language on the operatic stage, and make no mouths at them. To unaccustomed ears it would simply sound barbarous to hear Marguerite speaking in Italian and Faust in German. Mlle. Patti's success in Marguerite was unprecedented, and was, if possible, surpassed in Dinorah.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—M. Louis Julien—son of the Julien—has announced a series of promenade concerts, to take place in this theatre, on a grand and complete scale, commencing on the 7th of November. We hear also that a series of English operas—or operas in English—will be given after Christmas, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, and other artists. M. Gounod's *Faust*, done into the vernacular, will form an especial feature in the performances.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has returned to town from a visit to the Earl of Cawdor, Golden Grove, South Wales.

MR. AGUILAR'S NEW OPERA.—A private trial of Mr. Aguilar's new opera, *The Bridal Wreath*, took place at the composer's residence on Monday last. The music pleased greatly, and the execution of the principal parts in the hands of Signor and Madame Ferrari, Miss Grace Aguilar, &c., was all that could be wished.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert on Saturday had much to commend it, and, as might be expected from the fact that more than one celebrity was engaged, the Palace was crowded, in spite of the bad weather. The programme was as old as the hills. The vocal department was represented by Mlle. Carlotta Patti, Madame Fanny Huddart, Herr Reichardt and Signor Ferranti; the instrumental by M. Vieuxtemps (violin) and Mr. Ascher (pianoforte). Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus* opened the concert. Mlle. Carlotta Patti introduced the sole novelty in the selection, viz.: Mr. Ascher's ballata, "La danza di gioja." The popular high-voiced lady also sang Mozart's "Gl'angeli d'inferno" and Herr Eckert's "Echo Song." She received an encore in the latter, when she gave "Comin' thro' the rye." Mlle. Carlotta Patti is not a ballad-singer par excellence. We have heard many of our English vocalists' Comin' thro' the rye with greater pleasure. Madame Fanny Huddart was encored in "The ship-boy's letter," which was good careful singing, the extreme throatiness of the voice notwithstanding. Herr Reichardt sang two of his own compositions—"Thou art so near and yet so far" and *Liebesbitte* ("Love's request") with irreproachable feeling and taste. "Largo al factotum," was given by Signor Ferranti, and also Rossini's "Tarantella Neapolitane," in which he received an encore. M. Vieuxtemps, loudly cheered by the whole room on his entrance, gave two of his own compositions—"Fantaisie caprice" and the "Bouquet Américain," both of which were given in his most fascinating style and most finished manner. At the end of each piece he was rapturously recalled. The overture to *Figaro* was performed by the band in excellent style. Mr. Ascher gave a *fantaisie* for pianoforte on Danish National Melodies, a composition of his own, with great taste and commendable execution. He also played "La source limpide" and "Chasse aux Papillons," and obtained a well-merited encore. The "Spinning-Wheel" quartet from *Martha* terminated the concert.

## MUSIC IN PRAGUE AND DRESDEN.\*

PRAGUE, September, 1863.

"When a man makes a journey he has something to talk about," is as true as that twice two are four; but travelling costs money—aye, a great deal of money. I am at the end of my summer-trip, and find that the state of my exchequer is truly deplorable. If I go on for a fortnight longer as I have hitherto been going on, I shall not simply hear music played by others, but execute it myself on a barrel-organ, and thus beg genteelly. You will be astonished at receiving a letter from me here, as I promised to write one more from Baden-Baden. I really had the most honorable intention of carrying out my project, but my departure from the paradise where I was staying took place so suddenly that I had no time to do so. Be not angry with me, respected friend! In this letter I will endeavour to tell you all I ought to have told you before. My appetite for music was completely satisfied in Baden. A man hears so much there that, if he is nervous, it makes him quite giddy: there are operas in every possible tongue; singers singing in every possible language; and virtuosos from every possible nation—Baden is the town where a person can best realise his cosmopolitan ideas. During the two months I spent there, in addition to the three languages I really do speak, I should have liked to know twice as many, to converse with every one in his own idiom. Heaven bless France and its language, for with the latter you can get on with Poles, Russians and Baskirs.—The lighter French operas I heard were: *Des Goldschmidt's Töchterlein*, by Membree; *Volage et Jaloux*, by Rosenhain; and *Maitre Wolfram*, by Reyer. They are written in a pleasing style, and, though not calculated to make a great sensation, are amusing, and not devoid of a certain charm. Reyer's opera particularly pleased me, and yet it was subjected to the severest test, for it was given on the same evening as M. Berlioz's *Benedict et Béatrice*. This work, which was so successful in Baden last summer, quite astonished me. I must just tell you, but in a whisper, that I was previously no admirer of Berlioz, or, rather, of his musical style. I was acquainted with his *Carnival Romain*, and his *Frances Juges*, but they were too noisy to suit my taste; they contained flashes of genius, but it struck me that too many false stones shone among the others. I had heard a good deal of *Benedict et Béatrice*, when it was performed this season. I listened patiently to all that was said, and thought the people were wild enthusiasts. I naturally desired to judge for myself, but I was in no very good humour when I went to the theatre on the night of performance. What greeted my ears? The most charming melodies, the most piquant rhythms; while everything was so clever and simple, so genuine and true, that I could scarcely believe my senses! The artists upon the stage gave the music with so much good-will and love that the very essence of song made itself audible in every phrase. I grew more and more absorbed and attentive, and, at the conclusion of the performance, went calmly home, alone, which I was not accustomed to do. On reaching my room, I felt a tear dim my eye. "Good Heavens!" I thought, "I have been unjust to a great man;" and I mentally begged Berlioz to forgive me. You will, perhaps, laugh at me, but I do not care. My conscience is satisfied, for I have openly confessed my fault. I was never purposely guilty of injustices towards any one; least of all can I defend myself for not having appreciated the talent of a great man. The opera of *Benedict et Béatrice* will and must be triumphant everywhere. Another opera which I heard in Baden was Litolff's *Nahel*, a pleasing work when well played. The singers were very good in both operas; I was specially delighted with Mad. Charton-Demeur's voice. The performance of Gluck's *Orpheus* afforded me a very great treat. The last time I heard it was years ago, at Berlin, with Johanna Wagner; I never heard it again till now in the course of my travels; and it would certainly not have been brought out this season in Baden had not Pauline Viardot Garcia happened to be there. Why must such an artist succumb to age? Why does Nature compel her to leave the scene of her brilliant deeds and retire into a life of solitude? Even at

present Mad. Viardot sings with such art, and is so imbued with a feeling of the seriousness of her task, that her fair colleagues, though younger, must bow before her, while many among them might take a lesson from her. Besides the concerts which I attended, I heard a performance of a German opera,—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; the singers, however, were not up to their work. I did not care for the Italians at Baden. I am no great admirer of Verdi's fashionable operas, and I knew most of the singers. \* \* \*

I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Naudin off the stage. He is a most agreeable and well-educated man, much more so than most of the Italian screechers, who, as a rule, possess nothing but the voice, and cannot boast of any education at all. Naudin told me he had broken his engagement with M. Bagier in Paris, because he did not choose to be always on the road between that city and Madrid. He will, probably, go to Berlin before the end of the year. During the Carnival, he is engaged in Vienna, with the very respectable salary of 12,000 francs a month. He then proceeds to London, and thence to Baden, where he is paid 1500 francs a night. On hearing this, I thought: "O Nature, why hast thou treated me in so stepmotherly a fashion? Why hast thou not given me a voice clearer than a silver bell, and more vigorous than the sound of a hammer upon an anvil? Had you but bestowed this upon me, I should have been a great singer and—a jolly rich fellow!" The days of my youth, the days of my dreams, are, however, passed; I can only indulge in regret, and that is of no avail. I stop here till Sunday, when I go to Dresden, to put my finances in order—it is really high time to do so! I shall probably return about the beginning of October to Berlin. Till then, farewell.—Yours truly, GR\*\*\*.

DRESDEN.

Be angry, amazed, astonished, as much as you like at my daring, after a silence of hardly a week, to send you another letter—despite of everything, I shall feel gratified at having written these lines, for I am proud that I am the first to forward an account of the first performance of a new opera abroad.\* I beg you, therefore, to *faire bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, and to fancy you are pleased at receiving my letter. I will be unusually concise. It was my intention, as I announced in my last, to leave Prague on the 13th inst., but as Naudin made his fourth appearance on the 15th in the character of Masaniello, and himself asked me to stay, I was easily prevailed upon to defer my departure two or three days. I consequently heard him sing the above part. . . . On the 16th inst. I came here from Prague. I was alone in a coupé, and had no opportunity of examining the state of my finances. I was in a terrible frame of mind. While passing Bodenbach, Schandau and Die Bastei, I counted my money, which I found consisted of exactly 27 silver groschens, together with 3 Austrian notes of ten kreuzers each. It was high time for me to get to Dresden. I soon, it is true, arrived there by rail. I was somewhat out of sorts. I jumped into a cab and drove to my hotel. As I was going along I gazed vacantly out of the window, when I suddenly perceived at the corner of a street the words *La Réole*, in large letters, surmounted by the arms of Saxony. These words could be nothing else than the title of Herr Schmidt's opera, to be performed at the Theatre Royal. In the belief that such was the case, my bad temper disappeared. I reached my hotel, asked for the paper, and found that Herr Gustav Schmidt's new opera, *La Réole*, was to be produced for the first time that very evening. That I felt obliged to be present at the performance you will at once understand—I had heard so much of the opera in question, and I arrived on the night of the first performance. The fact of my lucky star being in the ascendant was owing to the indisposition of the first tenor a few days previously. This indisposition had necessitated the postponement of the opera. I first went to my banker's to procure some money, and then purchased a ticket. The house was quite full, even all the places on the first tier being occupied, *summa summarum*. The work was completely successful. The critics appeared quite satisfied, the audience was amused, and the orchestra and singers fulfilled their task right willingly. For my own part, I was astonished at the opera. After hearing Schmidt's *Prince Eugene* and *Weibtreue* (very meritorious works), I expected something more heavy than what the composer gave us.

\* The above account of musical doings in Prague and Dresden is extracted from two letters addressed to the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* by a correspondent, who, in his partiality for talking about matters of a domestic nature, and totally unconnected with music, bears a strong likeness to our own discursive collaborateur "Vale." In printing Gr\*\*\*'s opinions, we do not vouch for their correctness.—Ed. M. W.

\* That is to say, out of Prussia.—Ed. M. W.



I had scarcely given him credit for such grace; such light and piquant melodies; nay, if any one had sang me certain detached pieces, such, for instance, as the romance of Henry IV., I should sooner have mentioned the names of ten French composers than the name of Gustav Schmidt. The *libretto* is interesting, and so well calculated for the stage that the audience use their eyes as well as their ears. There is, in a word, nothing superfluous. I need scarcely state that Schmidt's acquirements as a musician have an opportunity for display. This is proved by several concerted pieces, as well as modulatory turns. The audience were very animated. They called on the performers several times, and the composer once, at the end of the opera. The way in which the piece was executed, however, was exceedingly good, but the ballet interpolated in the first act must be cut out, for it has a very prejudicial effect, both musically and dramatically. Is it then really so important to see short petticoats upon the stage that they must be forced even into a *conversationsoper* (comic opera)? The representatives of the principal parts, Herren Schorr von Carolsfeld and Degele were admirable, though the latter must guard against exerting himself too much. Mdle. Hanisch acted elegantly, and displayed fine natural capabilities as Armande, while Mdle. Alvsleben was eminently satisfactory as Margarethe. The smaller parts were confided to Madame Krebs Michalesi (excellent as Catharina), Mdle. Reiss and Herr Rudolph. Herr Reitz, as conductor, directed the whole performance with fire and energy, although allowing the singers full liberty. The performance produced an especially favorable impression upon me, because it bore the stamp of artistic unity. Herr von Könnertitz is well aware that he is at the head of one of the first Art institutions of Germany, and appears to fulfil his duties with gratifying success. Equally conscientious is the stage manager, Herr Schloss, in his department, and the *mise en scene* could not, on the whole, have been better. The opera pleased me so much that I left the theatre in the highest possible spirits, and, humming a melody, "Vor unser Hochzeit wars," which I recollected, nearly knocked down two children on the bridge over the Elbe. In the hotel of the "Stadt Wien," where I have taken up my quarters, I found a great many acquaintances, most of whom had been to hear the opera, which they unanimously praised. To amuse them a little I sang the above-mentioned romance, or, at least, as much as I could remember, and they all recalled it to their minds with pleasure. Just fancy how finely a melody must sound upon the stage, if it produces a good effect when executed by the mortal remains of my voice! A number of the persons lodging at the hotel had been the day before to the "Linke'sches Bad," where Gungl is giving concerts to great audiences. Gungl and Laade took it by turns to conduct, the former, of course, selecting his most favorite compositions, but I was informed, above 900 persons—more than the room could well contain—attended his last concert. I will now take my leave, and you shall be free of me for some time to come. I will not write to you till I have something really interesting to communicate.—Yours,

GR\*.\*

ROSSINI is not a single instant unoccupied. He goes on producing without cessation. He began by the stage and is finishing with music for the Church and the chamber. He is now composing a mass: his "Requiem," as he says. May heaven long defer the hour when this "Requiem" shall be executed. His genius, far from being exhausted, is transformed. He has written nearly a hundred pieces, of rare beauty and infinite variety, for the piano. He composes them while he is teasing his parrot, which, in return, uses bad language. Sometimes, while humming a motive, he walks up and down, or goes to the window whence he perceives his foe, the railway train. "Would you not like to venture in one of those carriages, then?" inquired a young lady, astonished at the invincible repugnance on his part. "My dear," replied Rossini, "I venture, it is true, in a *fiacre*, but I first find out whether the horses are tired." "And if they are not, what then?" said the young lady. "I walk," replied Rossini. Several of his pieces for the piano bear eccentric titles. They are divided into four parts, or books, each of which begins with a *hors-d'œuvre*. These four *hors-d'œuvre* are called *Radishes, Butter, Sausage and Sardines*. Whenever a pianist, no matter who, comes to see him, Rossini gets up and salutes his visitor by the name of master. "My whole ambition," he says, "is to play the piano, not like Liszt, or Thalberg, or Lacombe, or Mathias—I do not soar so high as that—but only as well as one of their good pupils. Shall I ever succeed in doing so? Art is long and life is short." Meanwhile, always sarcastic, he signs his letters: "Rossini, fourth-rate pianist," or, "Rossini, formerly musical composer."—*La France*.

DR. CHIPP IN BELFAST.—Taking his cue from the practices prevalent in English towns, stimulated by innate desire and prompted by a real love of his profession to communicate a knowledge of music as widely as possible, Dr. Chipp is about starting a project that will, if carried out, as we hope it may, be attended with results that every philanthropic mind must desire to see existing. Finding, from his professional experience, the great need there is of a choral element amongst the working classes, he now offers to devote one evening in each week to the furtherance of this object. Nor is this deficiency confined exclusively to Belfast; there is scarcely a town or city in Ireland that cannot lay claim to the same. And it is to supply this palpable want that Dr. Chipp in so laudible a manner comes before the public and promises to give them the benefit of that store of musical information which he possesses. There is no reason for presuming that his offer will not be made extensively available, for he has withdrawn the chief objection that could be adduced, and will teach, almost gratuitously, such as present themselves. A subscription of half-a-crown per quarter is fixed; it is, however, a nominal charge, and will not be the means of preventing any who have the slightest musical pretensions, or who would spend a few hours with benefit and pleasure, from coming forward and joining the classes. This subscription of Dr. Chipp is to be applied to the hire of a room and piano, the purchase of necessary music, and the engagement of an elementary teacher, under the superintendence of the Doctor. We feel we need say no more on this head. Crowds will flock to Dr. Chipp, and before long Belfast will find little difficulty in summoning the service of a well-trained chorus at any moment, however short the notice.—*Ulster Observer*

HOW THE ITALIAN OPERA IS RECEIVED IN DUBLIN.—The *Dublin Evening Mail*, of Oct. 2., has the following remarks *apropos* of an *emementé* which took place at the Theatre-Royal:—

"Mr. Harris has established that a public nuisance, if at all tolerated, is certain ultimately to assume proportions which place it beyond control. Several years since, for example, he first allowed certain vocal exhibitions in the galleries of his theatre, during opera engagements. This infringement on the decorum of the establishment was not then of a very offensive form. It only occurred between the acts, and was unaccompanied by any outrage upon the modesty of the audience or of the people on the stage. But, as anyone might have predicted, a great evil has sprung out of the license extended to this ridiculous custom—a custom, let it be understood, unknown in any other country, and which must exceedingly surprise every Italian artist and stranger who unfortunately becomes acquainted with it. Each night, between the acts, a perfect saturnalia now takes place. Boisterous songs are sung—the choruses being taken up by several scores of voices—hideous shouting is indulged in, and persons whose dress is in any way peculiar, are saluted with such epithets as make them a mark for every eye. This is certainly a deep disgrace to the city. But, scandalous as has been this conduct hitherto, it was far exceeded in violence last night, when it was pointedly shown, if such evidence were required, how dangerous is any concession to the rude and vulgar. For the first time in our experience, positive disrespect was paid in Dublin to the leading members of an opera company. Their singing was, in fact, interrupted on several occasions by indelicate impertinences and flippant exclamations. Between the third and fourth acts these outrages culminated. Some fellow, who has for the last four seasons led the disturbances in the upper gallery, and could, consequently, have been identified and punished before this had Mr. Harris done his duty to the public, commenced singing a song in an execrable voice, and, as the curtain was raised before he had finished, his intelligent admirers took offence, shouted for the conclusion of his song, hissed the clever and good-tempered conductor because he endeavoured to start the orchestra amid the noise, and actually prevented the opera from proceeding for some eight or ten minutes. The more respectable portion of the audience, indignant at this unseemly scene, cried out "Shame;" but their remonstrances had little effect, and even after Mr. Santley appeared on the stage, the cry of "Song" was repeated! The person who caused all this uproar, too, had the audacity to try to repeat his offence. Can nothing be done to prevent a recurrence of these scandalous scenes? We believe they might be summarily repressed: Mr. Harris has only to display a little energy and decision of character, and they will soon end, and, until they do, we shall not cease to raise our voice for the protection of the well-disposed persons who attend the theatre.

THE LATE M. T. W. BOWLEY.—A memorial window is now erecting in the church at Bishopwearmouth in memory of the late correspondent of the *Times* who was so cruelly murdered in China. The inscription is written by his old schoolfellow, Mr. Tom Taylor.

## THE SONG OF CHALK.

(Continued from page 614).

"TH' MILLENIUM will far off be  
Till sin, and grief, and pain are stayed;  
The last sublime, (the way is free),  
The first step then to it is made."—*Anon.*

*Fytte the First.*

Harmless the taunts of quacks who cure no colds;  
Their coughing too a dreadful tale unfolds:  
Then careful be in scripture ye may find,  
"How can the blind be leaders of the blind?"  
This saying too applies to voiceless teachers:  
They are diseased: I pity them, poor creatures.  
Good parents now look for enquiring sage,  
As children droop before they are of age.  
Perplexed the Doctors from their seats arose,  
And Dr. Mend stopp'd short to blow his nose;  
When, turning round, he caught his daughter's eye,  
And to himself he said, "I fear she'll die."  
Reluctingly he stroked her pallid face:  
She smiled and said "What think you of this case?"  
He answered her, "Vocal gymnastics I  
Believe are good" would you them like to try?  
She straight replied, "I should, papa, indeed,  
For more of strength you know I have much need:  
It's said by some who've proved the muscle powers  
Of chest and voice as exercised by Flowers,  
Consumption would in generations two,  
Quit our isle\*—does physic work as true!!  
Every voice he always does much strengthen,  
And female voices to three octaves lengthen;  
No one of sense such compass can deride,  
Routinists least, who speak of it with pride,  
So rare his voice that those are called 'stars'  
Who it possess—the rest are vocal jars."  
"What methods make such 'stars' (asked Dr. J.)  
Why do so few appear to make their way?  
"Methods without system (Flowers said) will fail  
Bright stars to make of bodies that are frail.  
Out of hundreds, strong may one or two be,  
Such stars to make, but can such methods true be  
Which make their art and yours not worth a ruby."  
"What has their art to do with ours, Sir,"  
Asked Dr. B., whose blood began to stir?  
"Anatomy," said Flowers, "explains the laws  
Which govern sound:—as it does plead my cause,  
In justice now acknowledge, Dr. B.,  
Your art and mine have special sympathy."  
"Your method wants, I hear, three hours a day,  
Sad loss of time, is this," quoth Dr. J.,  
"My child employs it in far better things,"  
"She coughs, poor girl," said Flowers, "instead of sings!  
Were she my child, her dry lips—sallow face  
Would change; does this my art or your excuse best grace,  
And is time lost disease away to chase?"  
At this the Drs. B. and J. took fright,  
Put on their hats, and wished their friends good night.  
A father's love was now put to the test,  
He thought of quacks, and his own medicine chest  
His daughter's wish prevailed, and she was saved,  
He smiled within, and the outwitted raved.  
Soon in rich tones she sung a classic song,  
They heard her oft, and pulled a face so long.  
"Strange," said her pa, "such difference should be  
Twix't twiddle dum, my chums, and twiddle dee."  
'Tis well said Flowers, she's cured. Now let me urge,  
That in two years pale chalk will not emerge  
Unless three hours a day devoted be  
To practise well; with me you'll then agree,  
That voice is gained by setting weak chests free.  
Weak chest, weak voice, and weak muscle action,  
Now ye learn is functional contraction.

Reverse the quality, and then ye'll hear  
A natural voice, both flexible and clear.  
Stop ye! a word or two before I close,  
The air has done this good—it chalk out-throws.  
In wintry winds for two years past I've sat,  
Twice every week, (almost without cravat)  
With window open on the Sheffield line,  
For hours two, including Humber brine,  
Exhaling breath and fast inhaling air,  
Producing heat within and everywhere.  
Those who suppose the air and wind colds give  
Mistaken are—without them could we live?  
Disease does not so suddenly set in  
As some surmise; it grows, like sin.  
So thus we find some people always cold,  
'Cause vital organs do dead matter hold;  
But if the air could reach the infected part,  
Those organs then would once more warmth impart.  
The ass, we know, is in our land despised,  
Tho' it hath once with harshness man chastised;  
If it again could speak it this might say:  
'I'll cure thy cough, if thou wilt like me bray.\*  
This oxygen throws in, and keeps cold off.  
One hundred years I live! but I do scoff  
When I behold my master's children ill;  
He sends them all to school their minds to fill  
With knowledge grand. Alas! they're taught to sing  
On plans which may on them consumption bring.  
Ah! poor young things, far better they should learn  
From me to bray, than my strong race to spurn.  
The poet, saith "Sweet is the breath of morn,"  
He adds not, when a respirator's worn,  
Which air excludes and breathing muscles tie,  
Foul breath retains, and oft inflames the eye.  
No! Byron's dreams of life were of this mean;  
Frail man—why trust ye to a mouth machine?  
Pray, who can say it acts at all like nux,  
Which do the winds, when they through lungs reflux?  
Those who are weak can profit by the sun,  
Whose heat and light through the chest muscles run,  
When moving to and fro, this warms the chest,  
And shrinks the dross which doth the throat infest.  
Truly 'tis said, prevention from decline  
Now on us dawns—none can henceforth assign  
This scourge fore-doomed to snatch our youth away;  
But have a care, or this benignant ray  
May bring a curse more dire than youth's decay.  
Some sign is given when a distemper's nigh,  
Mark the first cough—it is consumption's cry.  
Nor less the pain in arms or legs observe,  
'Tis rheum (or rheumatism) pressing nerve.  
Sickness exists when constantly the nose  
Turns up, as tho' some odour bad arose.  
Fingers are stiff when breath is hard and slow,  
And heavy tread the feet where'er they go.  
Why is voice weak? The reasons do reveal  
As muscles move, persons gape, and ears feel  
A sensation twitching; these do not cease  
Till sickness comes, then doth the voice increase,  
Ah! 'In the midst of life we are in death,'  
Long ere we die, we tire for want of breath,  
This proverb, then, I trust ye'll throw about,  
'It's better far to wear out than to rust out.'  
The throat and eyes of youth examine well:  
If throat be full, if eyes be red, or swell,  
Or dull, beware the enemy is near,  
The lime is fixed, the voice no more is clear.  
Apply the means, the blood by God's machine  
Revolves, and can throw out the blood unclean.  
Vain is the man who fancies that his pills  
Cures or prevents old England's worst of ills:  
Eject hard blood, but do not drug the pure,  
Or 'fore death comes long suffering ye'll endure:  
Incipient decline this process will avert,  
With this advantage, that it cannot hurt.

\* A Surgeon-Dentist in Hull has openly stated this as his opinion. I will here mention that some of the leading medical men entertain the views held by Dr. Mend. The daughter of a physician whose health was restored by my method wrote thus, "You may rest assured I shall take care to tell the Germans of your wonderful exercises."

\* The braying of an ass puts in motion the respiratory and the inspiratory muscles, which loosen and expel obstructions in the vocal avenues. In the human subject an unpleasant breath is owing to such obstructions, and races become extinct and rot out by them.

(To be continued.)

DUBLIN.—At the Theatre Royal *Il Trovatore* was played last evening to a very large audience; and a better representation of this popular opera has seldom been witnessed, if ever, in Dublin. Mdle. Titieni's Leonora was from beginning to end a noble display of vocal and histrionic talent. In the arias her expression was truthful and her style finished, and in the concerted music her magnificent voice towered above band and chorus, while at the same time blending with all. Indeed, often as we have seen the gifted lady play Leonora, we never before saw it so effectively performed. The Azucena of Mdle. Trebelli was another piece of fine acting and singing, being well conceived, and told with thrilling earnestness. This accomplished lady's vocalism is of the best school, combined with richness of tone and unexaggerated feeling. Mr. Santley played Count di Luna with a genuine conception of the character. As a singer, for power and refinement, he is second to none, while his splendid and highly-cultivated baritone voice is, we believe, unequalled. Signor Volpini's Manrico was a most creditable performance, showing that gentleman to be a careful and well-trained artist, and Signor Bossi, as Ferrando, made the whole cast unexceptionable. The band and chorus were kept well in hand by the indefatigable Signor Arditì, and the entire opera never went with more effectiveness.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

RICHMOND, (YORKSHIRE). *From a correspondent*.—A large number of persons were attracted to the parish church of Grinton, near Richmond, owing to an announcement that Haydn's *Creation* would be performed, with extra vocal aid, by the church choir. The principal singers were Miss Clough and Miss Halliday, of Newcastle, Mr. Wilson (tenor) of the York Cathedral choir, Mr. Dudley (alto), Mr. Lambert (basso) of the Chapel Royal Windsor, and M. Sainton, conductor, Mr. Creser, late of York, organist. The performance was a decided success. The singing of Mr. Lambert created quite a *furor*. He was encored in "Rolling in foaming billows," and "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," whilst all the other soloists acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. A marked improvement was manifested in the performances of the choir, attributable in no small degree to the exertions of Mr. Creser, who, with the assistance of the worthy rector of the parish and his lady, has thus been enabled to place before the inhabitants of Grinton music of the highest order.

MANCHESTER.—There was a great audience in the Free Trade Hall, on Saturday evening, to witness Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul's entertainment. Mrs. Paul appeared in some of her well-known characters, and never received more hearty applause. The second part of the entertainment introduced a new burlesque, founded upon the story of *Fra Diavolo*, written by Mr. William Brough. The actors were Mrs. Howard Paul, Miss Alice Dodd, and Mr. Frank Seymour—the last named taking Mr. Paul's place, who was incapable of being present, in consequence of severe illness. As the renowned brigand *Fra Diavolo* Mrs. Paul has added another portrait in her extensive gallery.

LOMBARD STREET.—I have a vivid recollection of Lombard-street in 1805. More than half a century has rolled away since then, yet there, sharply and clearly defined before the eye of memory, stand the phantom shadows of the past. I walked through the street a few weeks ago. It is changed in many particulars; yet enough remains to identify it with the tortuous, dark vista of lofty houses which I remember so well. Then there were no pretentious stucco-faced banks or offices; the whole wall surface was of smoke-blackened brick; its colour seemed to imitate the mud in the road; and, as coach or waggon or mail cart toiled or rattled along, the basement stories were bespattered freely from the gutters. The glories of gas were yet to be. After three o'clock p.m., miserable oil lamps tried to enliven the foggy street with their "ineffectual light," while through dingy, greenish squares of glass you might observe tall tallow candles, dimly disclosing the mysteries of bank or counting-house. Passengers needed to walk with extreme caution: if you lingered on the pavement, woe to your corns! If you sought to cross the road, you had to beware of the flying postman or the letter-bag express. As six o'clock drew near, every court, alley, and blind thoroughfare in the neighbourhood echoed to the incessant din of letter bells. Men, women, and children were hurrying to the chief office, while the fiery red battalion of postmen, as they neared the same point, were apparently pleased to baulk the diligence of the public, anxious to spare their coppers. The mother post-office for the United Kingdom and the colonies was then in Lombard Street, and folks thought it a model establishment. Such armies of clerks! such sacks of letters, and countless consignments of newspapers!—*London Scenes and London People*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—(*Communicated*).—The novel experiment of Day Excursion Boats and Trains from France to the Crystal Palace will be put in operation on Monday next, the South Eastern Railway running steamers from Boulogne to Folkestone, the Chatham and Dover from

Calais to Dover, with special trains awaiting the arrival of the boats direct to the Crystal Palace, returning the same evening. Considerable preparations are being made at the Crystal Palace to render the day attractive. The Great Fountains will be displayed; Blondin will give a special Low Rope performance; Professor Pepper's Ghost will be repeatedly shown; the Band of the Coldstream Guards; a French Municipal Band; and other special attractions will continue throughout the day. The French Excursionists will return about six o'clock, but as a large number of other visitors will doubtless be attracted to the Palace, it will be lighted up in the evening to allow of leisurely departure.

COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.—We notice a benefit for Mr. Nimmo, the able acting manager of this attractive place of entertainment, for the 16th inst. This gentleman's connection with the nobility's concerts and provincial tours of our great artists, during the last twenty years, claim our warmest support, and we trust his appeal will be well responded to. The entertainment for the occasion will be highly pleasing and effective.

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